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The Thoreau Society, Inc., is an informal gathering of students and admirers of Henry David Thoreau. President, Michael Meyer; treasurer, Mary Anderson; secretary, Walter Harding. Address communications to the secretary at State University College, Geneseo, N.Y. 14454.

Membership, $20; student, $10; family, $35; benefactor, $100; life, $500. Dues should be sent to the Thoreau Society, 156 Belknap St., Concord, Mass. 01742.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU: THE LIFE OF THE BODY, by David Black

(Editor's Note: This is an Abstract of a Master's Thesis accepted at San Diego University in California in 1986.)

The importance Thoreau placed on the human body informs the understanding of his life and writings; he found in the active body a source of strength and vision. A study encompassing Thoreau's own life, his attitudes towards the body as expressed in his Journal, and the vital role he gives the body in A Week,, Walden, and "Walking," reveals a Dionysian cult of the body.

Writings by those who knew Thoreau convey a sense of the Dionysian energy evident in Thoreau himself. The wildness he loved in nature he expressed in vigorous and free-spirited walking, climbing, dancing, skating, rowing. He impressed others as a powerful, energetic man of sometimes frightening intensity.

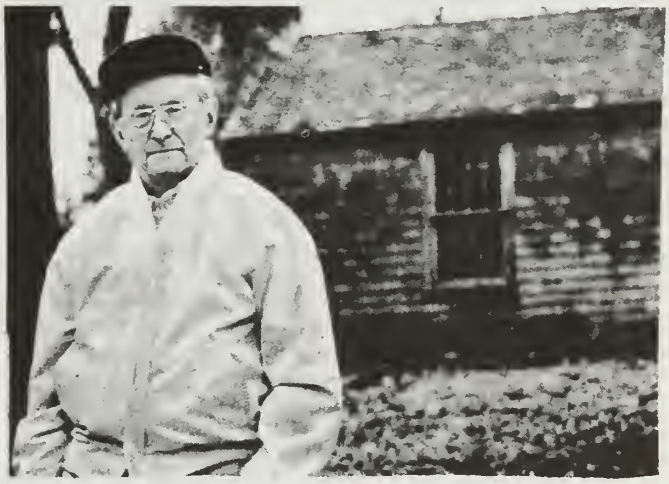
In his Journal Thoreau shows himself following the Greek heroic ideal of the whole man and the concept of aretê in his efforts to integrate body and mind. Thoreau adopted a pagan attitude toward the body as he enacted Greek ideals in daily life. A mind bent on realizing the wild freedom of nature, he believed, expressed itself as a strong, flexible, sensitive body. Thoreau embraced especially the harmony of body/mind exemplified in the simplicity and physicality of Homer's world.

In A Week, Thoreau blends action and reflection during a river excursion to urge a return to the primitive vigor of the Indian living close to the body and nature. The emasculated white man, he feels, immerses himself in the artificial pursuits of society at the expense of the rude health that comes from engaging the life of the body in nature. Thoreau champions the traveller and the mythic poet as men who do explore the body in nature and so uncover the wellsprings of original, creative expression.

With Walden, Thoreau makes the body a home for the imagination. Early chapters find meaning, freedom, and pleasure in the return of awareness to the body by stripping life down to bare necessaries. "Higher Laws," a pivotal chapter focuses on the discordant attractions of body and mind, recruiting the body to serve the imagination. "Spring" fuses body and mind into an exuberant, imaginatively creative state of being. And "Conclusion" finally resolves the mind/body dualism in the figure of the artist of Kouroo.

In "Walking," Thoreau presents the body as part of nature and the wild. Man may return to the life of the body through walking-or sauntering, as Thoreau defines it. The walker finds freedom and power in his open-air ramblings, awakening to the creative center of himself. Thoreau reports that the wildness in nature resides too in the body, and that cultivating these wild emobodied energies produces a Dionysian--like cleansing and renewal of body and mind.

The limits of Thoreau's cult of the body are marked in his meeting with Walt Whitman. Profoundly moved by Whitman--the man and his poems--Thoreau could not whole-heartedly accept Whitman's celebration of the sensuality of the body. Thoreau admired Whitman, however, for his daring to glorify the body without shame, guilt, or restraint.



ROLAND W. ROBBINS, by Walter Harding

It is with deep personal grief that I announce the death on February 8, 1987 of Roland W. Robbins at his home in Lincoln, Mass., after a long illness at the age of 78. Roland had been a familiar figure at all the Thoreau Society annual meetings for forty years. At the 1945 annual meeting, overhearing a discussion as to whether the cairn at Walden Pond was at the correct site, after reading all the information on the subject he could lay his hands on and getting permission from the authorities, he began excavating in the area and in the late fall settled the question forever by turning up Thoreau's fireplace foundation. He first presented a public report on his excavation at our 1946 annual meeting and the following year published his book Discovery at Walden. His Walden work led to invitations to make other "digs" at historical sites up and down the East Coast, reporting on them (and

Walden) in his later book, Hidden America.

Roland was active in the Thoreau Society right up through last year's annual meeting. He served as president of the society in 1965. He was also active in establishing the Thoreau Lyceum in 1966. For many years he tape-recorded all the annual meetings of the society and also conducted the traditional "Thoreau Quiz" after the annual meeting luncheon. For a number of years he presented each out-going president of the society with a facsimile of Thoreau's walking stick. Several years ago he offered a specially mounted fragment from the Walden cabin to anyone who took out a life membership in the society.

In the 1960's Roland built an exact replica of Thoreau's Walden cabin in his own backyard and was typically generous in permitting Thoreau enthusiasts to spend the night in the cabin. For a time he offered do-it-yourself kits of the cabin for sale. Later he built another replica of the Walden cabin behind the Thoreau Lyceum, and still later one at the edge of the parking lot at Walden Pond.

Roland was a colorful soul and added much to the joys and pleasures of the annual meetings. We shall all miss him greatly.

A memorial service was held at the Trinitarian Church in Concord on March 21st. Another, conducted by Walden Forever Wild, in which he was active, will be held at Walden Pond on May 23.

THE 1987 ANNUAL MEETING . . .

The 1987 annual meeting of the Thoreau Society will be held on Saturday July 11 at the First Parish Church in Concord. The speaker of the day, Benjamin DeMott will speak on "Embarrassing Thoreau" at 11. Coffee hour will start at 9 and the business meeting at 10. A luncheon ($9.00) will be served at noon, to be followed by the annual quiz conducted by Walter Harding. At two, a bus will leave for the Arnold Arboretum ($5.00) where Albert Bussewitz will conduct a tour showing many of Thoreau's favorite plants. Also at two Tom Blanding will conduct a walk to Fairhaven. At four Marcia Moss will display the Thoreau treasures at the Free Public Library. At five the annual autographing party at the Lyceum with refreshments being served. The box supper ($7.00) at six at the Lyceum. At eight in the evening, Lillian Files ("the bluebird lady") will speak at the church on "Bring Back the Bluebirds." Friday evening the 10th at a pre-session at the church, Linck Johnson of Colgate University will speak on "Amory Hall, 1844: Thoreau among the Radicals." On Sunday afternoon, time and place to be announced, a forum will be conducted on the future of the Walden Pond State Reservation.

Reservations for the luncheon, the bus ride to the Arboretum, and for the box supper must be received at the Thoreau Lyceum by Wednesday July 8th.

The nominating committee (Jonella Corpus, J. Parker Huber, and Edmund Schofield, Jr.) have submitted the following slate of officers to be presentedat the annual meeting for voting: president, Michael Meyer; president-elect, Thomas Blanding; secretary, Walter Harding; treasurer, Eric Parkman Smith; all for terms of one year; and members of the board of directors for terms of three years: Robert Gross and Linda Henning. Further nominations may be made from the floor by any member at the annual meeting.

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Thoreau, Henry D. TRANSLATIONS. Edited by K.P.Van Anglen. Princeton University Press 1986. 281pp. $27.50. This new volume in the Princeton Edition is the first to collect together all his translations: six from the Greek, one from French, and two minor bits--one into Greek and one into Latin. Translation is not one of Thoreau's strongest points. His translating is competent, but by no means outstanding. We read them not to better understand the works he has translated, but to better understand the working of Thoreau's mind. Why did he chose the works he did and the words he did? While Van Anglen in his introduction and notes makes no attempt to answer these question--indeed it is outside the purposes of this edition to do that--he does provide all the materials for such a study. His lengthy discussion of Thoreau's techniques as a translator is comprehensive and his researches into the texts Thoreau used to translate from are astute pieces of detective work. Van Anglen does his work so thoroughly that I can't imagine it ever having to be done again. There is only one question I have: Are the long-standing rumors true that at least one of Thoreau's translations was printed up somewhat surreptitiously and used by Harvard students in the mid-nineteenth century as a trot. The rumors are frequent but I have never seen or heard of the actual existance of such a copy. Does anyone know of such an one?

-----. WALDEN OU LA VIE DANS LES LOIS. Trans. into French by Jeanne Chantal et Thierry Fournier. Paris: L'Age d'Homme, 1985. 289pp. A new translation into French that some of our French members tell us is by far the best yet, capturing the spirit as well as the letter of the book. They recommend it highly.

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Vickery, Jim dale. "Henry David Thoreau: Illuminations of a Walker" in WILDERNESS VISIONARIES. Merrillville, Ind.: ICS Books, 1986. Pp. 1-46. A study of six American naturalists--Thoreau, Robert Marshall, Muir, Sigurd Olson, Calvin Rutstrum and Robert Service--who have devoted themselves to wildness and the wilderness, its first chapter is on Thoreau. Vickery himself lives in the Minnesota wilds, and a good deal of his love of the wild has rubbed off on his book. Conservationists in particular will delight in his thoughts on Thoreau, for they are hale, hearty, rugged, and very much to the point. He has a particularly apt ear for good quotations. Emphasis in particular is on Thoreau's Maine trips. And the book as a whole gives a sturdy idea of Thoreau's impact on other well-known lovers of the wild. A good addition for your bookshelf.

"A NOTE ON THOREAU AND METAPHYSICS"

In the Fall, 1986 TSB (p.5) Walter Harding: (1) accepts without question Ellery Channings' claim that metaphysics was Thoreau's aversion; and (2) implies that Channing was correct in saying that he never knew Thoreau to say a good word about Plato. My thesis in this note is that Channings' remarks must be taken with several grains of salt. Regarding (1), e.g., one must dialectically play Channing's remark against another opinion of his to the effect that if Thoreau were born in the palmy days of Greece, under the auspices of Plato, this half-divine man would have founded his own school and given his own wise sayings. And regarding (2) one can easily refute Channing by pointing to passages where Thoreau shows admiration for Plato or the neoplatonists. To pick one example among many, in both "Sir Walter Raleigh" and "Paradise (to be) "Regained" Thoreau pays a compliment to Plato and Plotinus (as well as to "The Platonic Philosopher's Creed" of Thomas Taylor) in his use of the saying "Lumen est umbra Dei, Deus est Lumen Luminis,"a quotation which makes explicit why, on the grounds of Platonic or neoplatonic metaphysics, talk about God is both necessary for transcendentalism and shadowy by its very nature (see my Thoreau the Platonist). It is perhaps this latter feature which led Channing to speak of Thoreau's aversion. Thus, it is doubtful, to say the least, that Harding is correct that Thoreau claims in Walden that he never read Plato. The passage in question, which is meant to spur his readers on to pick up Plato, presupposes a respect for Platonic metaphysics and a careful reading of Plato on Thoreau's part.

--Daniel Dombrowski

ANOTHER UNCOLLECTED CONTEMPORARY REVIEW OF WALDEN

by Bradley P. Dean

Among the "Five Uncollected Contemporary Reviews of Walden" reprinted by Gary Scharnhorst in TSB 160 (pp. 1-3) is one that "appeared in the Boston Daily Evening Traveller for 9 August 1854, the official date of [Walden's] publication." In The Days of Henry Thoreau (p.334), Walter Harding points out that reviews of Walden also appeared in the Providence Journal for 11 August 1854 and and the Journal for Music for 12 August 1854. No reviews would have appeared on 13 August because that was a Sunday, and newspapers of the 1850s did not (as Thoreau may have put it) profane the sabbath. So the only day of the four remaining days of the week that Walden was published which has not been represented by a review of the book is Thursday, 10 August, the day after publication.

While thumbing through a collection of the Boston Atlas at the Boston Atheneum recently, I happened across the following brief paragraph, under the heading "New Publications," in the issue of 10 August 1854 (p.2, col. 1):

> Walden: or Life in the Woods, by Henry D. Thoreau. Boston: Ticknor & Co. [sic] This is one of the most remarkable publications of the day, and one that will not fail to be read with mingled interest and pleasure, by all who find a charm in life-like sketches of solitary and rural life. Its author is well known as one of our most eccentric and original writers and thinkers, and Walden abounds in exquisite sketches and many fine thoughts.

So reviews of Walden appeared on the day of the book's publication and on each one of the three days after its publication. Thoreau certainly did not have to wait long to get responses from at least four members of the general public to his second book.

THE MOTHER OF THOREAU . . .

(Editor's Note: The following text is taken from a clipping from an unknown newspaper of 1872 now in Sophia Thoreau's scrapbook in the possession of Raymond Adams.)

Mrs. Cynthia Dunbar Thoreau, who died in Concord, Mass., on the 12th inst., was the widow of John Thoreau, and the mother of the naturalist and scholar, Henry D. Thoreau. She outlived her famous son nearly ten years, and had almost reached the age of 85. For several years she has been an invalid, though not confined to her room. She had spent most of her life in Concord, though not born here, as Henry Thoreau was; her maiden name was Dunbar, and she was descended of mixed Scotch and English ancestry, as her husband was of French and English. Mrs. Thoreau was a woman of more than common powers of mind, - witty, resolute and vivacious, warmly attached to her family and friends, and to the causes she espoused. Her house was one of the places of resort for the early abolitionists, and she enjoyed the friendship of Garrison, Phillips, Francis Jackson, Nathaniel P. Rogers, and others of that brave company. With a moderate share of this world's goods, she gave her children a superior culture, befriended the poor, and exercised hospitality with a liberal soul. It was from her that her sons, Henry and John - the companions of that celebrated voyage of a "Week on the Concord and Merrimac[k])" inherited their humor and some of their other marked traits. Of her four children - two sons and two daughters- only one survives her, - Miss Sophia Thoreau of Concord. She and a maiden aunt are now the sole representatives of a name that will be long remembered in American Literature. -Round Table.

THOREAU AND SOPHIA DOBSON COLLET

[Editor's Note: We know little about Sophia Dobson Collet other than that she circulated among some of the more radical groups in London, England, in the mid-nineteenth century and wrote for the London PEOPLE'S REVIEW. It was here, probably in 1849, that she published a combined review of Thoreau's WEEK and of Elizabeth Peabody's AESTHETIC PAPERS, which contains the first printing of "Resistance to Civil Government," later better known as "Civil Disobedience." The review is notable in that it was one of the most favorable reviews that A WEEK was to receive and the only mention in print of the essay before Thoreau's death that we know of.]

ART. V.—LITERATURE OF AMERICAN INDIVIDUALITY.

1. *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers.* By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Munroe. London: Chapman. 1849.
2. *Æsthetic Papers.* Edited by ELIZABETH PEABODY. Art. X. Resistance to Civil Government: a Lecture, delivered in 1847, by H. D. Thoreau. Boston. (Sold by Chapman.) 1849.

SINCERE autobiographies are always interesting, especially when they are rich in experiences that are important to many. But there is a species of literature which may be regarded as the flower of autobiography, in which the author takes some passage of his life or studies as a text, and illustrates it with all the varied life-lore that is suggested by the incidents; breathing to the ear of his fellows, not a circumstantial narrative of his every deed, but the essence of wisdom which they bequeathed in departing. While maintaining a quiet reserve upon his own inward conflicts, the author may here give free utterance to all the deep spiritual beauty which these have developed in him, and thereby communicate to those of kindred experience, all the chiefest realities of his life, without the aid of a picture alphabet.

Of this Literature of Individuality, New England has recently produced several remarkable specimens. Besides the writings of Emerson, so widely known as the very Prophet of Individuality, there are the musical and literary criticisms of John S. Dwight, which appeared in the *Dial*, the *Harbinger*, &c., but whose unusual merit ought to procure, for the chief of them, a separate re-publication; the 'Letters from New York' of Mrs. Child, the Poems and the 'Conversations on the Old Poets' of J. R. Lowell, and the 'Woman in the Nineteenth Century,' and 'Summer on the Lakes,' of Margaret Fuller. These writers belong to the Literature of Individuality in a double sense. Not only do they reveal to us some of the highest secrets of individual being, but they vindicate the rights of individual being; they elevate the idea of Individuality from the rank of a sentiment or a whim to the dignity of a principle. Perhaps it is incumbent on us to explain *what* principle: the definition may be thus attempted. All human problems can only be tried by human consciousness and human experience; and the heights or depths to which these may extend, can only be known to each human being through his own individual capabilities of entering into them. He need not necessarily deny the truth of others' beliefs because they are not also his; but he considers that from his own beliefs alone is be bound to act. He brings to the light of an intelligent conscience and a conscientious intelligence, all the problems of life, Infallible Authority among the rest, and while he thankfully accepts the testimonies of others' minds and distant ages as invaluable aids, he does not allow any of them to usurp the sovereignty of his own spirit. That, he regards as a trust too sacred to be parted with to any one, even the most revered, living or dead.

We do not, of course, mean to assert that any one fulfils this ideal unfailingly. Any attempt at fulfilling it at all could only be made by men and women of unusual moral vigour. It will, therefore, not appear surprising that several short-comings are noticeable in our above-named authors. Mr. Dwight, for instance, occasionally bends too low in his admiration of Fourier, in whom he tolerates defects which his otherwise pure moral taste would probably lead him to censure if he found them elsewhere. But his contributions to the Literature of Individuality are very valuable, especially his unfoldings of the grand ethical and social truths which speak to the inmost heart of the reformer in the sounds of true Music, particularly in that of Beethoven. Mrs. Child bears witness to spiritual and moral beauty, both in nature's free

grandeur and amid humanity's downtrodden frailties, in a spirit of elastic hopefulness which will take no refusal from them, when the demand is just. J. R. Lowell's Poems and 'Conversations' contain inspired glances into the Eleusinia of Art, and exquisite revealings of spiritual beauty, combined with a good, healthy, earnest interest in the politics of the day as our portion of the lessons of the ages. Miss Fuller has written much, but perhaps her best work is her 'Woman in the Nineteenth Century,' which is one of the most valuable revelations ever made of the Individuality of Woman. She takes the highest ground at once, and thus avoids much unnecessary trouble. She considers the *rights* of woman as simply co-ordinate with the *mights* of woman, and wishes these mights to be tested by experience. Her book lacks systematic order, and is, therefore, less useful as a manual of reference than it might have been; but it is invaluable as one of the most remarkable 'among the throng of symptoms which denote the present tendency to a crisis in the life of woman, which resembles the change from girlhood, with its beautiful instincts but unharmonised thoughts, its blind pupilage and restless seeking, to self-possessed, wise, and graceful womanhood.' It may be added that all these writers belong to different schools of thought and action; but they are all similar in one respect—that while they discard, more or less, the usual formulas of belief and society, they do not revere the less, but rather the more, all that is worthy of reverence. Their estimation of the revelations of the past is a grateful one; but their faith in the revelations of the present is no less earnest. And this strong, vital faith in the Present, united with unusual power of thought and integrity of character, gives their writings a deep charm for all those who would study the problems of to-day in their deepest significance and freest aspect.

Among this class of individuals (if the paradox may be employed), a high rank is due to the author of the works placed at the head of this article. Readers of Emerson's quondam Quarterly, the *Dial*, will recognise in Mr. Thoreau the H. D. T. who contributed so many valuable articles to that periodical, and who is introduced by Emerson (in No. 9) as 'a near neighbour and friend of ours, dear also to the Muses—a native and an inhabitant of the town of Concord.' The 'Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers,' is the record of an excursion made by Mr. Thoreau and his brother in 1839. The writer describes the scenery of his voyage with the vividness of a painter, and the scrutiny of a naturalist. He seems quite at home among birds, beasts, fishes, and plants, whose forms and movements he follows with the eye of a friend; and he possesses the art of conveying the peculiar spirit of a landscape, which he frequently does with much grace and power—an art which a mere observer of details often lacks. But Mr. Thoreau has a gift beyond this. Every object seen is, with him, an element in a higher vision. The infinity of meaning that dwells in everything existent, is visible to him. In the forest he beholds 'the uprightness of the pines and maples asserting the ancient rectitude and vigour of nature' (p. 177). The clear morning atmosphere, beautifying the landscape, suggests to him the inquiry, 'Why should not our whole life and its scenery be thus fair and distinct?' (p. 50.) And these thoughts fall from him not as moral lessons, tacked on, fringe-like, but as the natural hints which ever arise in those souls to whom nothing is profane, but to whom the whole universe perpetually chants sublime utterances of the divinest ethics. To such souls, Life and Thought continually inter-act. Their thoughts are ever giving birth to free deeds, and their deeds are ever receiving impulse and sustainment from matured thought. To them, joy and sorrow, life and death, are equally welcome and sacred: they are, in truth, our 'representative men,' the elect of human-kind.

An additional element of interest, in this work, is afforded by the occasional digressions, which are, in fact, essays, not unworthy to stand beside those of Emerson himself. Those on Eastern Literature, on Christianity, on Poetry, and especially the exquisite Essay on Friendship, would of themselves make the book valuable. Among these essays, and also among the poems scattered profusely through the volume, will be found some reprints from Mr. Thoreau's writings in the *Dial*.

It should be mentioned that our author's ideas on theology are ultra-heretical. The essay on Christianity is an expression of the freest Pantheism. It is very original, sarcastic, pathetic, and reverential. If any one marvel how these qualities may be combined, let him read the essay. Mr. Thoreau's language on this and other topics is sometimes rather random, a defect unworthy of one who usually displays such keen justness of thought. This random manner is especially visible in some expressions which show our author to be tinged with that contempt of politics which Emerson describes, in his Lectures on the Times, as characterising the Transcendentalists. These persons forget that if honest men will persist in abandoning political action to knaves and fools, they may not be held wholly guiltless of the knavery and folly perpetrated in consequence. Philosophers and artists, *may*, doubtless, be worthily occupied to a degree which precludes them from political action; but it is not therefore necessary that they should despise such action. Indifference to that which so largely influences the fates of so many of our fellow-beings, always bears a tinge of selfishness. We are, therefore, especially pleased to see Mr. Thoreau's Lecture on 'Resistance to Civil Government,' delivered in 1847, and published in Miss Peabody's interesting volume of 'Æsthetic Papers.' The manly tone of this lecture rings on the ear. As it is not likely to be much known in England, we give the following extracts, premising that it ought to be read as a whole to be thoroughly appreciated.

'How does it become a man to behave toward this American government to-day? I answer that he cannot without disgrace be associated with it. I cannot for an instant recognise that political organisation as *my* government which is the *slave's* government also....All machines have their friction; but when the friction comes to have its machine, and oppression and robbery are organised, I say, let us not have such a machine any longer. In other words, when a sixth of the population of a nation which has undertaken to be the refuge of liberty are slaves, and a whole country is unjustly overrun and conquered by a foreign army, and subjected to military law, I think that it is not too soon for honest men to rebel and revolutionise. What makes this duty the more urgent is the fact, that the country so overrun is not our own, but ours is the invading army.'

'It is not a man's duty, as a matter of course, to devote himself to the eradication of any, even the most enormous wrong; he may still properly have other concerns to engage him; but it is his duty, at least, to wash his hands of it, and if he gives it no thought longer, not to give it practically his support. If I devote myself to other pursuits and contemplations, I must first see, at least, that I do not pursue them sitting upon another man's shoulders. I must get off him first, that he may pursue his contemplations too.'—'I meet this American government, or its representative the State government, directly, and face to face, once a year, no more, in the person of its tax-gatherer: this is the only mode in which a man situated as I am necessarily meets it; and it then says distinctly, Recognise me; and the simplest, the most effectual, and, in the present posture of affairs, the indispensablest mode of treating with it on this head, of expressing your little satisfaction with and love for it, is to deny it then....I know this well, that if 1000, if 100, if ten men whom I could name—if ten *honest* men only—aye, if *one* HONEST man, in this State of Massachusetts, *ceasing to hold slaves*, were actually to withdraw from this copartnership [that of tax-gatherers with the Government], and be locked up in the county gaol therefor, it would be the abolition of slavery in America.'—'Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison. The proper place to-day, the only place which Massachusetts has provided for her freer and less desponding spirits, is in her prisons, to be put out and locked out of the State by her own act, as they have already put themselves out by their principles. It is there that the fugitive slave, and the Mexican prisoner on parole, and the Indian come to plead the wrongs of his race, should find them; on that separate, but more free and honourable ground, where the State places those who are not *with* her but *against* her—the only house in a slave-state in which a free man can abide with honour. Cast your whole vote, not a strip of paper merely, but your whole influence. A minority is powerless while it conforms to the majority; it is not even a minority then; but it is irresistible when it clogs by its whole weight. If the alternative is to keep all just men in prison, or give up war and slavery, the State will not hesitate which to choose. If one thousand men were not to pay their tax bills this year, that would not be a violent and bloody measure, as it would be to pay them, and enable the State to commit violence and shed innocent blood. This is, in fact, the definition of a peaceable revolution, if any such is possible. If the tax-gatherer, or any other public officer, asks me, as one has done, "But what shall I do?" my answer is, "If you really wish to do anything, resign your office." When the subject has refused allegiance and the officer has resigned his office, the revolution is accomplished. But even suppose blood should flow. Is there not a sort of blood shed when the conscience is wounded? Through this wound a man's real manhood and immortality flow out, and he bleeds to an everlasting death. I see this blood flowing now.'—Æsthetic Papers, pp. 192-200.

It should be added that Mr. Thoreau carries out his own principle in action. He says he 'has paid no poll-tax for six years;' and he gives a graceful and genial account (appended to the lecture) of the imprisonment which once followed his non-payment.

Now let us follow our hero to his home, and dismiss him in the calm light of a Concord sunset.

'As it grew later in the afternoon, and we rowed leisurely up the gentle stream, shut in between fragrant and blooming banks, where we had first pitched our tent, and drew nearer to the fields where our lives had passed, we seemed to detect the hues of our native sky in the south-west horizon. The sun was just setting behind the edge of a wooded hill, so rich a sunset as would never have ended but for some reason unknown to men, and to be marked with richer colours than ordinary in the scroll of time. Though the shadows of the hills were beginning to steal over the stream, the whole river valley undulated with mild light, purer and more memorable than the noon. For so day bids farewell even to solitary vales uninhabited by man. Two blue-herons, *ardea herodias*, with their long and slender limbs relieved against the sky, were seen travelling high over our heads—their lofty and silent flight, as they were wending their way at evening, surely not to alight in any marsh on the earth's surface, but, perchance, on the other side of our atmosphere, a symbol for the ages to study, whether impressed upon the sky, or sculptured amid the hieroglyphics of Egypt. Bound to some northern meadow, they held on their stately, stationary flight, like the storks in the picture, and disappeared at length behind the clouds. Dense flocks of blackbirds were winging their way along the river's course, as if on a short evening pilgrimage to some shrine of theirs, or to celebrate so fair a sunset. The sun-setting presumed all men at leisure, and in a contemplative mood, but the farmer's boy only whistled the more thoughtfully as he drove his cows home from pasture, and the teamster refrained from cracking his whip, and guided his team with a subdued voice. The last vestiges of daylight at length disappeared, and as we rowed silently along with our backs toward home through the darkness, only a few stars being visible, we had little to say, but sat absorbed in thought, or in silence listened to the monotonous sounds of our oars, a sort of rudimental music, suitable for the ear of Night and the acoustics of her dimly-lighted halls;

Pulsæ referunt ad sidera valles,

and the valleys echoed the sound to the stars.'

CONCORD LETTER by Kate L. Edwards . . .

[Editor's note: This account of meeting held in Concord in the fall of 1895 appeared in the SOUTHBRIDGE (Mass.) JOURNAL FOR December 5, 1895. That 75 people attended attests to the fact Concord's interest in Thoreau was by no means completely dormant then. Can anyone further identify Kate Tryon who called the meeting or what has happened to the sketches of Thoreau scenes that she displayed that evening?]

November 28, 1895.

Turning to your right over the railroad track along the winding Sudbury road past rows of maple trees and willow hedges, our eye is attracted by the view, stretching away over scattered hay-cocks and ploughed fields to the railroad through a sand cut from which we see the iron horse dart at short intervals during the day. Thoreau came here in the spring time to gather sand flowers. It is interesting to note how thoroughly Thoreau is pronounced by all Concordians. A lady who has lived all her life in Concord went the other day to buy one of Thoreau's books. The girl who waited on her looked perplexed, and after a moment's hesitation, said: "Oh! You mean Thoreau." She took the book and moved away wondering if after all people know how to pronounce their own names rightly. Speaking of Thoreau you may be interested in the meeting which Mrs. Kate Tryon—the Ornithogist who is living at French's studio, gave last Friday night. Henry D. Thoreau was one of the group of men that made up rare old Concord. Alfred W. Hosmer, himself a Concord boy, has devoted many leisure hours to the works and walks of Thoreau. He has also a rare collection of relics, and among them some Indian arrow heads gathered about Concord. He is a rare and true interpreter of the Naturalist.

The studio was artistically decorated with green ferns, pine boughs, pitcher plants, and colored vines. These, with the dull russet brown of the leaves of the maple and oak along with the models of plaster art in the studio, made a most attractive picture to the 75 guests who were present. Mrs. Tryon had also made sketches of Concord in water color, many of them being the favorite haunts of Thoreau. These added much to the picture. A small statue of John Harvard on the organ looked approvingly down. The model of the minuteman is here in plaster. The gray color of the tints assumed in the lamp-light added much to the scene as he stood guard. While busts of Gen. Bartlett and Emerson and many other noted men smiled from their pedistals at the stories told of Thoreau. George Bradford Bartlett presided: He said he was asked after a lecture out West what practical example Thoreau's writings had ever taught. He mentioned one of these.

A young Russian Jew came to him after one of his lectures and said he had found in his own country a leaf of Walden; that he had learned the language so that he might translate it into his own tongue for his fellow countrymen to read. He then introduced Alfred Hosmer who read prose from Thoreau's "Autumn," Oct. 5, 1852 and Oct. 24, 1858; then from Thoreau's poem "The Last Leaf." Frank D. Sanborn, who has written a life of Thoreau, spoke of the new volume of Thoreau's poems edited by Henry Salt which is soon to be issued: He also read from notes of Mr. Channing who makes his home with Mr. Sanborn and who was intimate with Thoreau. Walton Ricketson, the sculptor and artist whose unalloyed genuineness shines in his face, read an article on Thoreau's love of music quoting from Walden, also the original manuscript of the poem by Louisa M. Alcott on Thoreau's flute, that he owns. It is of German make and was presented to Ricketson by Sophia Thoreau and has the initials J. T. on the side. It is interesting to know that Thoreau gave up his music after the death of his brother only playing one tune "Dibdans Tom Bowline," an old English song. The poem of Louisa M. Alcott's commences:

We, sighing said, "Our Pan is dead,
His pipe hangs mute beside the river;
Around it wistful sunbeams quiver,
But music's airy voice is fled
Spring mourns as for untimely frosts
The blue bird chants a requiem
The willow-blossoms wait for him:—
The genius of the woods is lost.

This poem was suggested by hearing a gust of wind blow through the flute as it hung on the wall giving out a musical note. A short time after this was published in the Atlantic monthly Mr. Alcott was calling on Mr. Longfellow at Cambridge. The latter asked: "Have you seen the poem Emerson wrote on Thoreau's flute?" "My daughter, Louisa, wrote that" said Mr. Alcott. It was not then customary for contributors to the Atlantic Monthly to sign their names to their articles. "Row, Brothers Row" was a favorite tune with Thoreau and Mr. Ricketson made this the first musical selection that he played, followed by "Robin Adair," "Bonnie Dundee." "Annie Laurie," closing with "Fair Harvard," receiving of course the warmest applause. Miss Jane Hosmer gave her childhood recollections of him, his never ceasing interest in any question they might ask in regard to Natural History, told of visiting him in his shanty at Walden, her father being his friend and neighbor.

Frank B. Sanborn started the Concord school which existed for eight years. He wrote the hymn read at the funeral service of John Brown in Concord in 1859 at which Thoreau addressed the meeting. He was supposed to know of the plans of John Brown, and refused to appear before a committee of the United States senate, Mason of Virginia chairman. The United States marshals came to his house and tried to carry him away attempting to put him into a coach. A gentleman from Ireland says he was the boy who gave the alarm and it was the "lingth of him intirely" that saved him, for he was so tall that he braced himself, hands on the top of the coach door and feet on the bottom, and they could not get him in the door. His sister meanwhile whipped up the horses and her calls summoned his infuriated townsmen. He was editor of the "Commonwealth" in 1863, also of the Springfield Republican. He has for years been a contributor to several magazines.

The chairman told of Thoreau's arrest for non-payment of taxes, that the jailor in telling of it said: "I told Thoreau he would have to come along with me, and he went along without any trouble and was locked up." When his taxes had been paid by some one (some say his aunts and some Emerson) the jailor told him he was free to go, but he would not, until finally I said: "Henry, if you will not go out of your own accord, I shall put you out, for you cannot stay here any longer. He was the only prisoner I had that didn't wish to leave when he could." Ralph Waldo Emerson went to see Thoreau in jail and said; "Henry, why are you here"? "Mr. Emerson, why are you not here"? replied Thoreau. In speaking of this arrest Thoreau said that in half an hour after he was let out he was in the midst of a huckleberry field, on one of the highest hills in Concord, two miles off; and then the state was no where to be seen. Redney whispers:" I wonder if that was one of the times he set fire to the woods, that some of the farmers tell about." That was the talk of his enemies, I replied.

Mrs. Kate Tryon spoke of Thoreau's simplicity in living, and of the birds spoken of by him. His description of birds she said was so true to nature, both as to their notes and coloring, that where he did not give their names one could readily recognize the bird. She further illustrated her talk with quotations from Thoreau, by whistling their bird songs and with life sized water color sketches of the birds. Mrs. Kate Tryon's lectures on mushroons are most satisfying. One needs no dictionary, and at a lecture learns at least how to tell one edible fungi. Mr. Hosmer closed the exercises by exhibiting a piece of the shanty still showing the marks of the ax that was returned "sharper than when I borrowed it," also a picture of the house where he was born, reading a note of greet-

ing from Henry Salt, his English biographer, and a tribute to Thoreau by Samuel A. Jones of Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Rodney whispers; "they are not going to guess those lines written on the fly leaf of the book called "Thoreau's Thoughts" by H. G. O. Blake." Here is a verse of Emerson's from it, also found in his contribution towards a biography of Thoreau: "We shall one day see that the most private is the most public energy, that quality atones for quantity, and grandeur of character acts in the dark, and succors them who never saw it." Neither has anyone said anything about the six miles of beans which he planted for economy, I presume, but the young man, who after scouring the woods all the afternoon for decorations politely took the mile and a half home with Rodney, asked about the six miles of beans to which she quoted from his brightest economic selections to illustrate his manner of teaching the simplicity of living. "A truth speaker he, capable of the most strict conversation; a physician to the needs of any soul."

In the antiquarian rooms, if you are fond of antiquity, you may discover precious objects, pictures, arms and old tapestries. Here is a room filled with the furnature which he used at Walden, also a portrait of his brother John. It was at Walden, he says, that the melody of the church bells is worth importing. Some one said of his religion: "He seems to have commenced his religion where many of us leave off—at the grave." Mr. Hosmer presented each guest with a chronology of the life of Thoreau. One thing Rodney thinks quite noticeable—that in 1853 (he was born in 1817 and died in 1860) he had 900 volumes in his library, over 700 of which he had written himself.

There are three portraits of Thoreau in existence. About 1856 H. G. O. Blake, Thoreau and John Brown had been off on a tramp and they went into B. B. Mathham's at Worcester and had daguereotypes taken. In August 1861 he was visiting Daniel Ricketson at New Bedford and had an ambrotype taken by Duchee. Crukshank's linotype given to John D. Leadell by Emerson was either from Blake's or Brown's daguerotype. Rouse has a crayon of him in the Concord Public library.—And Rodney wonders as she reads his works why he is so often misinterpreted.

K. L. E.

NOTES AND QUERIES . . . .

We are indebted to the following for information submitted for this bulletin: J.Barrett, A.Berlin, J.Dawson, M.Fischette, C.Harding, V.Isca, E.Jacobson, D.Jeffrey, E.Johnson, D.Kamen-Kaye, A.Lane, E.Schofield, M.Shanks, M.Sherwood, M.Sperber, R.Thompson, J.Vickers, and A.Zwinger. Please keep the secretary informed of items he has missed and new ones as they appear.

The January 1986 issue of FRAGMENTS is devoted to the memory of Leonard Kleinfeld, who had been president of our society and long active as a collector of Thoreauviana. It includes tributes to him by among others Jack Scwartzman, Oscar Johannsen, Sydney Mayers, and Walter Harding.

The current (1986) volume of STUDIES IN THE AMERICAN RENAISSANCE (Univ. of Va. Press) contains the final installment of Elizabeth Maxfield-Miller's edition of the selected letters of Thoreau's friend Elizabeth Hoar. As with the earlier installments, it includes many references to Thoreau, including telling of his dressing up in a black coat to meet a distinguished lecturer--who then failed to show up, and of Thoreau's bringing "two pies and two flutes" to entertain Richard Fuller, Margaret's brother.

We are particularly pleased to include in this issue David Levine's caricature of Thoreau. We have been following his caricatures in the NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS for years, hoping he would eventually do one of Thoreau. He finally did in the issue of January 15, 1987 and we are very grateful to Mr. Levine and the REVIEW for permission to reprint it.

We announce the anonymous gift of one hundred dollars to the Thoreau Society in memory of Dr. Joseph Siris.

The Holt-Atherton Center at the University of the Pacific has announced that it is restoring many books in John Muir's library including "a well-read 1862 edition of Thoreau's WALDEN, Muir's earliest known copy, and a badly-worn 1868 edition of Thoreau's A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS. Marginalis and endnotes in Muir's hand indicate Muir used the latter volume for literary inspiration while preparing his sierra glacial studies in 1871-1872."

Our friend Dr. Szathmary of Budapest writes us of seeing a moving picture cartoon entitled "Cat-Trap!" released in 1986 in Munich and Budapest which includes a reference to a mouse reading Thoreau!

Elderhostel is conducting three courses on Thoreau this summer: one at Pinkham Notch, N. H. on July 12-18; one at Rindge, N.H. on July 26--Aug. 1; and one at Pierce College, Washington, also on July 26-Aug. 1. For further information write Elderhostel, 80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116, Suite 400.

In a cartoon in the BOSTON HERALD for Jan. 1, 1987, by Hoest entitled "The Lockhorns, a man getting out of bed says to his wife, "Am I starting or ending another day of quiet desperation?"

An article on the Chernobyl disaster in the February , 1987, issue of PRABUDDHA BHARATA suggests we all better retire to a Walden of our own.

The Feb. 2, 1987 issue of PEOPLE says "David Thoreau, a relative of Henry David, has found his Walden Pond at MGM studios where he is writing a HIGHWAY TO HEAVEN episode about a TV personality who gets

Drawing by David Levine. Reprinted with permission from The New York Review of Books. Copyright c 1987. Nyrev, Inc.

high on drugs, not on nature."

Unfortunately plans are going forward for the construction of an office park diagonally across Route 2 from Walden Pond.

BANANA REPUBLIC's Spring 1987 catalog cites (p. 6) Thoreau for keeping his study out-of-doors.

Hallmark has issued a greeting card quoting Thoreau's "It is only by forgetting yourself that you draw near to God"; Sunrise Publications, one saying "Friends: They are kind to each other's hopes. They cherish each other's dreams"; and Tilka, one quoting, "There is no remedy for love but to love more."

Howard Mitcham's THE PROVINCETOWN SEAFOOD COOKBOOK (Reading, Mass.: Addison-Wesley, 1975) includes a cartoon (p.7) of Thoreau holding his nose at the "fishy" smell of milk,

Jim Dawson points out to us that Thoreau's "overcoming my Nervii" reference in WALDEN is undoubtedly a reference to Shakespeare's JULIUS CAESAR, III,ii, 177-8.

A DENVER POST issue of January, 1987, included a satire by Bill Horny on Thoreau's thoughts on Super Bowl!

The late Laurence Richardson of Concord once showed us the journal of Simon Brown of Concord, who was the editor of the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, and who recorded on Sunday, July 14, 1861, five days after Thoreau's return from Minnesota, "At ten I called for Mr. Thoreau and took him to ride. I have no doubt but he is in the first stage of consumption."

Paul Theroux, the travel writer, records in THE OLD PATAGONIA EXPRESS (Boston, 1979, p. 364) that the poet Jorge Luis Borges said to him, "You're from New England. That's wonderful, that's the best place to be from. It all began there--Emerson, Thoreau, Melville, Hawthorne, Longfellow. They started it. If it weren't for them. there would be nothing."

According to Joel Myerson's THE NEW ENGLAND TRANSCENDENTALISTS AND THE DIAL (Fairleigh Dickinson, 1980, p. p.283), Caroline Sturgis once wrote Margaret Fuller that "Thoreau imitates porcupines successfully" and told her not to send a book to him for "he would only have given it to his squirrels to nibble."